OLD BOSTON SHIPOWNERS.

A BATCH OF TARNS OF MEN AND SHIPS BY CAPE JOHN CODMAN.

ne Moren's \$100,000 Veyage-Trick of Yanker Supercargo. The Sharp Shipowaer and the Elophant-Ancedotes of a Buston TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The story mtitled "Luck of a Yankee Brig." told in Tue

sex of March 20, is substantially correct in so bras the luck, which was phenomenal, was conerned; but as my name is mentioned in connecwhen I relate it in detail, availing myself likewise of the opportunity afforded to comment gon other portions of the letter of your corregondent which refers to ships and shipowners g the olden time.
The Morea, a full-rigged ship (not a brig) of

go tone, was owned by the firm of A. & C. custingham of Roston, and was fitted out for ne East India trade in the year 1839. Accordis to the custom then prevailing, the owners mt a part of the outward cargo on board for seir own account, and the rest of it consisted d "adventures" of various outsiders. It was an olla podrida made up of almost everythingesten cloth, potatoes packed in sand, raisins, gried apples, cider, spirits, glassware, flour, pliot bread, tobacco, cheap jewelry, bacon, furafture, clocks, crockery, and notions without

The Cartain, the supercarge, and not infre quently the mates and the crew, had also their bute adventures, thus giving them an interest in the voyage, and this operated in no small degree to good discipline and the success of the undertaking. Their shipments, as well as those of the owners, were all consigned to the Captain or supercargo for "sales and returns." This meant that the goods were to be sold for each party. account sales rendered, and the proceeds invested in the general return carco of tea, coffee. er other East India products, pro rata for each individual. I have often rendered account sales to twenty or thirty different persons and made invoices for some of them, say of one chest of tea, one bag of coffee, one bag of pepper, one bag of sugar, one picul of tin, &c. On the return to Boston each party took possession of the proceeds of his own adventure and disposed of it in the market. Brokers were almost unknown, and "sales to arrive" were unbeard of. Merchandise was stored in warehouses on the wharves and the customers either came to the offices of the merchants to purchase it or met them for that purpose on the Exchange in State street. Steam and electricity have destroyed this simple and more widely diffused business. which contributed to the living of more people than is the case now when wealth is distributed among a few individuals. Not only has the American ship disappeared, but the American merchant, as that term was then understood, has disappeared with her. Cargoes from India are now shipped in foreign bottoms after being

ordered by cablegrams and are sold in the same way, sometimes even before they are put on heard. Instead of the excitement then attending quick passages for a market, with rivalry of scaman-hip and business tact, all trade is reduced to a two and a half per cent, commission, on which basis it is transacted by telegraph. This is unavoidable in the present age of progress, but it is hard to convince an old saflor that progress has been in the right direction. Sometimes, as in the case of the Morea, almost needless precaution was taken to insure success. That ship was not, as stated, under my command, but by an overzealous care of the owners, Capt. Weston was placed in charge of the ship, and I was placed in charge of the cargo, while one of their nephews occupied the osition of supercargo's clerk. This young gentleman afterward became Capt. John A. Cun ningham. He commanded several ships in the East India trade, and has now retired, after an bonorable mercantile career commencing with this clerkship, to his farm in Bolton, where, like all old sailors who engage in agriculture he is raising cabbages at a cost of 50 cents a head and potatoes at \$5 a bushel. His share of the duty on board the Morea was to make out the account sales and invoices, and to weigh and assort the various kinds of cargo. The understanding regarding Capt. Weston and myself was that in case of his death I was to take charge of the ship as well as of the cargo. On the other hand, should it be my misfortune to 'kick the bucket," Weston was to become supercargo as well as Captain. This scheme was more satisfactory to the prudent shipowners than it was to either of the parties most con-cerned. It was the first and last time that I divided the responsibility with anybody. It gave rise to constant bickerings and quarrels, until they arrived at such a pass that I doubt whether if either of us had fallen overboard t had been well greased. I finally subdued the skipper by an act of open mutiny. He had out us upon an unnecessarily short allowance duff and soft tack, and I had asked the mate o get up a barrel of flour from the hold and turn it over to the steward. The Captain was very andry, and told the mate not to do it.
"I am in command of this ship," he shouled.
"Well, I am in command of this cargo," I The erew gathered aft to listen to the alterca-

The crew gathered aft to listen to the altercation, for they were interested in its outcome.
"Men." I exclaimed, "do you want to be
starved! There are 300 barrels of flour in the
hold consigned to me. If you want some, of it,
tumble down and get it."
In a twinkling the main hatch was opened,
and while the redoubtable "monarch of the peopled deck" stood aghast, they jumped below,
broke out the cargo, and brought up a barrel of
flour. Afterward the skipper was afraid of
me, for he knew that the crew were on my aide. pled deck" stood aghast, they jumped below, broke out the cargo, and brought up a barrel of four. Afterward the skipper was afraid of me, for he knew that the crew were on my side. The social qualities of this would be autocrat did not commend themselves to Mr. Cunningham or myself, and his literary abilities were not of the highest order. The only thing of which he could really boast was an exceptionally good handwriting, and he was fond of displaying it to us in some of his old journals. In one of tham was noted, or intended to be noted, the speaking of the "Cleopatra's Barge," bound to Valparaiso, which he had thus chronicied: "Spoke the Kleopatrick's barge, bound to Bellow-parazor. Thouga often bothered about the declination, polar distance, and logarithms, he, of course, never consulted me, but the mate privately would set him right, and it was owing to that officer's knowledge of navigation that we ever got anywhere. After a somewhat tedious passage, we arrived at Pulo Pinang 'iskele Nut Island), in the Straits of Malacca, where we sold part of our cargo and then proceeded to Singapore with the intention of selling the remainder there, and loading a eargo of Siam sugar for Boston.

The balance of the outward cargo was profitably sold at Singapore. The custom was for the Europaan and native merchants to come on board and purchase by samples. We had, among other things, 2000 barrels of American brandy manufactured in Boston and filled into imported casks, for sale, and a few bottles of first-class cognae for private use. Aware of the prejudice against Yankee goods that prevailed, I had instructed the steward to produce a bottle of the real article when I called for the American and one of the doctored stuff when I ordered the genuine cognae. As I expected, the Englishmen literally turned up their noses when the supposed American liquor was of fered; but they sunacked their lips over the bottle, which was represented as French, and bough the whole 2007 barrels at \$2 a gallon, there was no sugar in the market

bough: the whole 200° barrels at \$2 a gallon, thus giving the shipper a net profit on each gallon of \$1.70.

Fortunately for us, as the sequel proved, there was no sugar in the market. An advantageous proposition was made to me by a native house to go to the Fedir coast on the northeast end of Sumatra and load betel nut for China, they taking a half interest and the ship the other half. Having previously found that sugar in mat bags was apt to conglomerate. I had conceived the novel idea of bringing out shocks, which, made into boxes, would overcome this difficulty. Of course they were unsalable at Singapore, and not having present use for them I landed them to be stored in a sodown to await further orders.

We returned on our tracks as far as Qualla Mengalian, a Malay port on the Pedir coast, and there took in our cargo and sailed for tisono, stopping on our way at Singapore sgain. I asked my constance if he had succeeded in selling the sugar hox shooks.

"They are all disposed of, he replied, to my great satisfaction, and then he opened the doors of the godown and exhibited to my astonished eyes a mass of dust, which was all that the white sate had left.

When we reached Macao, at the time of the war scare, our eargo of 8,000 piculs of betel halts, coating 90 cents a picul, was sold at the fate of \$1.90, all of which is in accordance with the statement of your correspondent, exceptible only 4,000 piculs belonged to the ship and that we collected \$1 a picul as freight on the bilance.

There had been no open hostilities, but all pagish vessels, being prohibited by the Chinese.

balance. There had been no open hostilities, but all There had been no open hostilities, but all Tuglish vessels, being prohibited by the Chinese from troceeding to Whampoa, were obliged to remain at Hong Kong. Many of them had brought cotton from Bengal and Madras and we crossed over the bay to help them out of their difficulty. I do not recollect the rate of treight we recalved a hale, but we hauled along-

side of an English ship and filed the hold and between-decks of the Bores with cotton and them piled the decks with it up to the leading trucks. We carned that \$10,500 in the one day occupied in getting up to Whampos. The ship was then leaded to the extent of two-thirds of a cargo, for which I used all the funds and bills of exchange at my disposal, at 15 cents as pound, the remaining third being filled up with freight at \$30 a ton for tea and \$75 a ton for silk, and then we sailed for New York.

On the passage down the river we witnessed the first naval battle of the war. As we approached the Bogue forts a large fleet of junks, as well as the forts themselves, were boing attacked by the British ships Volage and Hyacinth, and the shots flew thick and fast across the channel. Our frightneed pilot jumped overboard and swam for the snore, while we lay to with our main topsall to the mast, waiting for the battle to end so that we might proceed to sea. In an incredibly short space of time it was all over. The forts were silenced, most of the junks were sunk, and the rest managed to get into shoal water out of gunshot. The passage being clear, we filled away and stood out on our course. I assured Capt. Weston that he would be liberally rewarded if we reached New York before the other ships that were to sail soon after us arrived there, and I will do his memory the justice to say that he carried all the sail the Morea could bear; and desiring to keep on the right side of the crew in order to get his promised reward and to use their services in doing so, there was no lack in the supply of provisions.

We brought the first news of our own sailing and of the battle of the Bogue, which had the effect of a sudden rise to 45 cents in the price of our tea. It is quite true that "the little Morea of such the crew to our extent the intent of the shippers of sundry adventures.

It is barely possible that Mr. Lingee, reported as will livine, may have "hought home from

It is harely possible that Mr. Linzee, reported

It is barely possible that Mr. Linsee, reported as still living, may have "brought home from India an elephant, perhaps the first ever imported into America," and he may have landed him in Boston, although that feet is not distinctly settled. I take the liberty of quoting from my own book. "Winter Sketches from the Saddle," published in 1898. At a hotel in Somerstown, N. Y., the landlord says in reply to my question, "Why, Hackaliah Halley built this house himself!" "Hackaliah Balley, who was ho!" "Who was Hackaliah Balley, who was ho!" "Who was the man who imported the first elephant into these United States—old Bet; of course you've heard of old Bet!" "No, I have not." "What, never heard of old Bet. Well, sir, you're pretty well along in life; where've you been all your days." I told him I had not spent them all in Westchester county. "I should rather think not," replied the landlord, "or else you would have heard of Hackaliah Bailey and old Bet. Right here, from this very spot, he started the first show in this country. Balley's big circus—he was old Hackaliah's son—urew up out of the small beginning when Hackaliah imported old Bet, more than sixty or seventy years ago."

Now, I think from the information I thus ob-

out of the small beginning when Hackshiah imported old Bet, more than sixty or seventy years ago."

Now, I think from the information I thus obtained that Hackshiah Bailey was ahead of Mr. Linzee in the business of importing elephants, but I'am not positive about it. What I am'coming to is to what I have always supposed to be the first importation of an elephant into Boston. This happened in the year of 1834, in this wise, as will be seen from my story:

Mr. Alfred Richardson was one of the great East India shipping merchants of Hoston and was the owner of the Cashmere and other ships. He was a remarkably shrewd man, and it is sufficient to say that generosity was not one of his virtues, if indeed he had any to speak of. Elias Davison was the Captain of that ship when she was sent out on a vovage to Siam. On arrival at Bangkok he found the Sachem of Hoston, Capt. Albert Brown 'an uncle of our friend Vernon Brown of the Cunard Steamship Company), was commencing to take in her cargo. Before she got away some high officer, whose acquaintance the genial Davison had made, presented him with a young eleuhant, which he proposed to bring home with him. The Sachem campleted her lading and safled some time before the Cashmere. When she arrived at Boston Capt. Hrown, in giving the news from abroad, casually mentioned Davison's elephant. About a fortnight after the Sachem's arrival the Cashmere came booming along, and as the wind and tide were against her anchored in Nantasket Roads, nine miles below the city. The Cantain came up in a boat, bringing his papers with him, and promptly repaired to the counting room of his owner, presenting his accounts, remarking that he had overdrawn about \$300, which he would make good on payment of his wages.

"Your accounts appear to be all correct, answered Mr. Richardson, "but, Captain, you have not allowed me any freight on that elephant."

"What elephant?"

have not allowed me any freight on that elephant."

"What elephant?"

"Why, the elephant you have on board.
You've got one, haven't you!"

"Yes, I have," replied the Captain, "but I did not imagine that you would charge me any freight on him, as there was plenty of room to put him under the main hatch."

"That won't do," returned Mr. Richardson; "the ship is mine and all the room in her is mine, and I stand upon my rights."

"Well, sir," replied the Captain, "I only wish thad brought him on your account instead of my own."

ny own.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Richardson, "and then I,
instead of you, could have sold him to a menaserie. Now, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll
charge off the \$300 you owe me and take the
elephant over—there!

ephant over—there! The Captain's law dropped and he looked sad he said, meekly: "Can't you do better than "Not a penny better," replied Mr. Richard-son defiantly, for he saw that he had the Cap-

"Not a penny better," replied Mr. Richardson defiantly, for he saw that he had the Captain in his grasp.
"Well, then," said Davison, "it's a hard bargain, but I suppose I must accept it." And the affair was concluded.

In the afternoon the pilot brought the ship up with the tide. As she was slowly hauling into the wharf the owner and the Captain stood together watching the tedlous process.

"Mr. Hallet," sung out the owner to the mate. "I wish you would get up your tackles and holst the elephant out the first thing."
"Aye, aye, sir," bawled the mate.
"He careful not to hurt him," responded Mr. Richardson.

the Captain as he punched his owner under the ribs. "He died last night off Cape Cod!" On the next morning, as if by concurrence, every newspaper in town proposed this question: "Have you seen the clephant! Ask A. R." the Captain as he punched his owner under the ribs. "He died last night off Cape Cod!" On the next morning, as if by concurrence, every newspaper in town proposed this question: "Have you seen the elephant! Ask A. R."

I cannot refrain from alluding at some length to other parts of your correspondent's communication. It affords me great pleasure to other parts of your correspondent's communication. It affords me great pleasure to the Sevenson. I salled the ship Sarah Parker, as the East Indies, and one to Havana and Fussia as master and supercargo. The order given me, which was the same on every india voyage, is own loaded and ready for sea, you will proceed to port or norts beyond the Cape of Good Hope, sell the cargo, buy another, and remote the common of the cape of the cargo on the cape of Good Hope, sell the cargo, buy another, and remote had of that iniquitous traffic which was making the fortune of other Hoston merchants whose children are now moving in the ariatoratic society of the Hack Bay and enjoying the proceeds of that ill-gotten gain. Nor was this all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the landlords, which was all that should go to the credit of my employant in the influence of the proceeds of of the pro

of water, and I was absolutely obliged to call at St. Helens.

At this Le fairly jumped, exclaiming, "There it is egain—St. He-lens! We don't care about your stopping there, whether you needed water or not, to have a run on shore and see those Yamstock girls. You're entitled to it, but 'St. He-lena! Good heavens! For a man of your education to pronounce it in that way! It's St. He-lena sir, and don't let me ever hear you call it anything else.

There may be some old Bostonians allive who will remember his witticisms and have not forgotten that charming jen de mot that he once pernetrated. After winding up his shipping business, he became the agent of Brown, Shipley & Co. for Boston. One day he was detained at home by a pleasing domestic occurrence and was very late in coming to his office, where he found a cuatomer who had been long waiting for his appearance.

"I wanted to got a letter of credit," said the impatient applicant, "and I was just on the

point of going over to Ward [the agent of Bar-ing Bree.] to get it."
"Ward!" replied Mr. Curtia, "you couldn't have got it. He isn't in the business any long-er, for we've taken it away from him. My wife is Bearing Brothers now." And then, a-ter turnishing the letter of credit, he closed his office and went back to his house to see his little, twin bors.

ter furnishing the letter of credit, he closed his office and went back to his house to see his little twin boys.

J. Thomas Stevenson, his partner, was likewise well known and highly respected in the community. He became a noted politician and a close friend of Daniel Webster, whose confidence he enjoyed in a remarkable degree. I am relating this anecdote as I heard it from Mr. Stevenson's own lips. Hefore Mr. Webster delivered his celebrated 7th of March speech, for which he was so unjustly accused of truckling to the South in order to secure the nomination for the Presidency, he read it over to Mr. Stevenson, who, after listening to it attentively, told him frankly that the people would attribute ambitious motives to it, and that it would be most injurious to his reputation.

"I can't help that," replied Mr. Webster; "It is better to stand by the Constitution and to save the Union than it is to be President."

Mr. Stevenson could not induce him to swerve from his burpose. He delivered the speech as if co scious, as it were, that he was standing on the platform for his own execution. He died soon afterward, it was add of disappointed ambitions, but those who knew him as Mr. Stevenson old knew that he died broken hearted because of the ingratitude of his countrymen. It has been instilled into the minds of the children of our schools that a cloud obscured Daniel Webster's setting sun. Not so. There was a halo of patriotism surrounding it that made it brighter than when it shone in the zenith of his fame. That sunset cloud was the film that minded the eyes of his detractors.

When I commenced this sallor's yarn I had no intention that it should lead on to such serious considerations as those into which I have insensibly drifted. I cannot now return to a lighter vein, but will close my narralive with this tribute to the memory of the great man whom I knew and honored from the days of my childhood to the day of his death.

JOHN CODMAN.

CLARET, PIES, CHINA, AND PLOW

ERS DUMP , D IN THE STREET. Vagons Came to Grief in Different Localities on Different Days-Flower Wagon Fired by a Cigarette-Witness of the Four Minhap

"I was never a superstitious man before or did I ever believe in signs," said yesterday s susiness man who is prominent in the white ods district, "but I have a sign and dream book and may go soon to a clairvoyant. I say may, because I possibly will find some solution later for the questions that are troubling me now. The book had no explanation to make of my unusual experiences. It only explained half a dozen separate incidents which united would have gone to make up one of mine. But every one of these experiences of mine com sined peculiar circumstances of which my clairvoyant's manual made no mention what I am afraid that the case requires espe cial consideration, and, unless I find some grounds for it, I shall try the services of some experienced lady who lives in a back parlor and guarantees to tell all the necessary information about subjects which could not possibly be understood otherwise.

"My experiences extend over six days and cover nearly the whole city. They began on last Saturday afternoon, while I was walking up Broadway. At about half past 3 o'clock I eached the corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway. The east side of the street was overed with some dark red liquid that lay in ools between the cobblestones and trickled lown toward the gutters. The air was full of the sharp smell of sour wine. The broken glass and the scattered corks made it plain that a rreat many bottles had been broken in the street. A crowd standing about a wagon made that fact perfectly clear. The vehicle had been hit by a cable car while the driver was trying to cross the street with the load of wine which was to be delivered before a certain hour that afteroon. He was a French nan and was weeping violently as the bystanders and policemen en deavored to adjust the harness and repair th damage done to the wagon. That incident cemed natural enough and I thought no more of it. But I was reminded of the sight last Monday when I came out of a store in East Fourth street and started over toward Broad

way to take a car. When I reached the corner I saw a grou gathered in the street about one of the wagons blich deliver ples through the city at the various bakeries. A collision had turned the wagon over far enough to throw out most of the pies and in more or less dilapidated condition they were scattered over the street. Under the preence of assisting the distracted German, who was endeavoring to get as many as possible of them back into the wagon, the group of boys gathered about the vehicle were smuggling half the pies away by a system of confederates who hovered around the outskirts of the group and disappeared whenever a pie was banded to one of them, only to return a few moments later for another. I noticed the splashes of cooked fruit and crushed fruit on the street and

Two days later I saw at the corner of West Broadway and Chambers street a crowd gathered about a wagon. The thought of the two other incidents came into my mind, and I crossed the street to see what had happened. I really was interested in finding out if this was to add a third broken-down-wagon episode to my list. I was not superstitious, but a little bit curious, so I crossed the street in a tremor of excitement. Before I got near the wagon I was able to tell what had occurred. Two or three large pieces of broken white china lay in the street. Scattered about were spots of mustard, and over the whole street about the rear of the wagon were pickled onions, cucumbers, and pickles of every variety. A policeman told me that the wagon had been overturned by a collision. For the first time it began to seem to me a little bit peculiar that this affinity between me and overturned wagons should suddenly have developed and pursued me so persistently. I was not uncomfortable, but the thing certainly appeared unusual. The first had happened on Saturday, with claret. On Monday came pie, and on Wednesslay pickles. I wondered what would complete the bill of fare before the end of the week. The change in the programme was unexpected.

"Yesterday afternoon I came uplown early, took my little girl for a walk, and entered into Biterstele Drive just as a wagon filled with street to see what had happened. I really was

week. The change in the programme was unexpected.

"Yesterday afternoon I came uplown early,
took my little girl for a walk, and entered into
Riverside Drive just as a wagon filled with
potted flowers drove slowly by. Two men were
sitting on the box, and one lit a cigarette just as
the vehicle passed me. I suddenly saw the
straw in the bottom of the wagon blaze up. The
smoke attracted the attention of one of the
men, and he called to the other, who stopped
the horse. Turning, with his back toward the
driver, the man tried to stamp out the fire. But
the straw burned too quickly. The two men
jumped down from the box and began to remove
the flowers. Some of them were collections of
growing plants in fancy baskets. Others were
in pots. The latter were carefully lifted out at
dirst. Later they were thrown out. The wicker
baskets could not be saved. They were allowed
to burn, and within a few minutes the sides of
the wagon had taken fire. Then it was necessary to take out the horse, as it seemed certain
that the fire could not be stopped. The horse
was unbarnessed, and soon afterward there was
enough water brought from a neighboring house
to extinguish the flames, that were now rising
from the sides of the wooden wagon. The flowers lay broken and bruised on the street,
excepting those which with elaborate holders
had been burned. The whole incident was
curious. A wagon loaded with Easter flowers
seemed the last thing in the world likely to
catch fire and barely escape complete destruction as it was driven through the streets. I
pondered on the incident, But I thought far
more of the fact that it was the fourth I had
seen that week. Never before in my whole life—
and I have lived here twenty-fire years—did I
have such an experience. Four have never
comes andenly within one week. Does anybody wonder that I want to see a clairvoyant!
There were plenty of explanations of carriage
accidents, fires, and the sight of food in the book
thought. But nonce f them contained as worl There were plenty of explanations of carriage accidents, fires, and the sight of food in the book I bought. But none of them contained a word about the curious combination of all these elements which I witnessed last week."

TOOK THEIR ACCUSTOMED PLACES. Ten of the Twelve Jurymen File Into the Criminal Duck.

"I have just returned from a trip to the Southwest," said a lawyer, "and whenever appened to be in a town where a court was sitting I made it my business to go and see how ustice was dispensed. In one town, which shall be nameless, the trial of a man who had been accused of shooting a neighbor's dog was about to begin. I found the courtroom crowded with local characters, each one of whom mounted at least two rapid-fire guns, slick oiled and well loaded. Twelve of these fellows had been drawn for the jury, and as they swaggered around it was easy to see that they felt their own importance. By and by there was an agitation near the door, and in marched the Judger. Seating himself on the beach he rapped for slience, and, acting as his own crier, he shouted in a massive voice:

"The touri will now come to order, and it came. Another thump on his desk, and then the Judge saud in a decisive fashion:

"The gents who have been drawn for the jury will now take their accustomed places."

"Twelve heavily armed men arose as one man, and ten of them filed into the dock." shall be nameless, the trial of a man who had

AMONG ATREETIC CHRISTIANS. Sembers Preparing for an Active Season-Ti

There is every reason to believe that the ap roaching season will be a banner one for the young athletes connected with the various local branches of the Y. M. C. A. The symasiums are still very much taken up with haskstball and symnastics, but in a week or so utdoor work will begin, in fact, quite some has already been done and the showing made has proved satisfactory to the physical di-Several important events are to be held in the near future and more than usual interest is being manifested in the tournament of sports likely to be held under the auspices of the Athletic League of North Amer-

ics, which promises to be the leading feature. There is considerable talk going on in regard to the annual aquatic games of the Y. M. C. A. athletic department to be decided the latte part of June. These affairs have always caused considerable interest and the rivalry between the different branches has made al the events exciting. The events open to all Y. M. C. A. members will be as follows: 220-yard swimming race, 100-yard tub race, single gig race, double gig race, and St. Lawrence skiff race. An entrance fee of 25 cents will be charged for each event, and the winner will receive a gold medal. from Mott. Haven to Oak Point, and it will be open about May 1, That the new West Side branch is comion

to the front in athletics is demonstrated by the showing that the young men have already made. The branch is well equipped for car rying on successfully all departments, especially in the line of developing athletes. The grounds the branch has secured, immediately adjoining the building, have the following outfit: A track of nine laps to the mile for running hurdling, and bleyeling, a complete outfit for pole vaulting, jumping, hammer throwing, and shot putting, a tennis court, baseball diamond, basketball field, and handball courts. The grounds will be lighted by electricity every Wednesday night. The gymnasium, where ost of the training is at present being done, is one of the largest and best equipped in the city. The floor space, 52 by 109 feet, is entirely clear of posts or columns, and has a skylight. There is an elevated running track of twenty laps to the mile. This is padded with felt and cov ered with painted canvas. It has inclined turns, which adapt it to runners at any speed, The equipment of the gymnasium is of the latest design, and includes the best scientific apparatus for gymnastics, athletic and aquatic raining. The outfit consists of two full sets of heavy apparatus, German horse, bucks, high and low parallels, horizontal, breast, and vaulting bars, improved chest weights, quarter circles, hitch and kick, nautical wheel, head, neck hand, and leg machines, punching bags, trick and travelling rings, Indian clubs, bar bells, and wooden and iron bells. The athletic plant includes two complete outfits for pole vaulting, high jumping, and short putting, and a double indoor bicycle trainer. In the aquatic outfit is a set of light hydraulic rowing machines. The swimming tank is 15½ by 33½ feet, tile lined, and filled with artesian water kept at a uniform temperature. There is a pair of regulation bowling alleys, with a good assort-

kept at a uniform temperature. There is a pair of regulation bowling alleys, with a good assortment of balls.

Under Physical Director Welzmiller a very strong track team will be organized. Plans are being laid to have a crack baseball and tennis team this season, and already some light work in that line has been done. There is a host of candidates, but only those having the best percentage will be selected. The bicycle club has a large membership, regular meetings and road runs, and a regulation uniform and emblem. The games held in the gymnastum recently resulted as follows:

100 yard Run—Tie between A. E. De Cortin and H.

190-Yard Run—The between A. E. De Cortin and H. Barstow for first place. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.
Potato Race—Won by A. E. De Cortin, A. Alimuth second. Time, 1 minute 40 2-5 seconds.
Putting the Sho —Won by H. J. Goodwin, with 33 rest Binches; P. Fudenberg second, with 32 feet. Putting the Sho —Won by H. J. Goodwin, with \$3 feet. Nuches: P. Fudenberg second, with \$2 feet. Standing Broad Jump.—Won by J. R. Dowell, with 9 feet 54 inches: C. W. Hatch second, with 9 feet. 440 Yard Run—Won by A. E. De Cortin, H. Barstow second. Time, 59 4-5 seconds.

One-Mile Run—Won by A. Allmuth, W. F. Drescher second. Time, 5 minutes 1 3-5 seconds.

second. Time, 5 minutes 13-5 seconds.

The young athletes connected with the Twenty-third street branch are making a creditable showing at practice. A strong baseball team will be organized and the candidates have already done some good hard practice. The management is arranging a large schedule and everything points to a successful season on the diamond.

diamond.

Active preparations are also going on at the Harlem, New East Side, Washington Heights and German branches and at the Young Men's Institute. Among the Brooklyn associations the Central, Bedford, Eastern District, Twenty-sixth Ward and Prospect Park branches will be in the when the urgoer time arrives. sixth Ward and Prospect Park branches will be in line when the proper time arrives.

Probably no man in the district is as well known among Y. M. C. A. boys as John W. Cross, the new official handicapper of the Y. M. C. A. of the Eastern section, which takes in every Y. M. C. A. branch from Maine to Maryland. Cross is a member of the Twenty-third street branch and is 28 years of age. He has been connected with the Y. M. C. A. for overweller are the wars a worther of the Green. been connected with the Y. M. C. A. for over twelve years. He was a member of the Greenpoint Y. M. C. A. for cleven years and served as the Secretary of the physical work department for eight consecutive years. He won the all-round championship of the branch on numerous occasions and was always active in gymnasium work. In 1805 he joined the Twenty-third street branch, but remained a member of the Greenpoint association until last year. He is a good football player and a first-class baseball player. Secretary Hepburn of the league in speaking of Cross says: "The office seeks the man. His record and qualifications were looked into to the fullest extent and we are satisfied and have no fear of the best results."

DREW PAY, BUT DID NOT WORK. and When Discharged Wanted a Certificate for Ability and Hencety.

"Fancy a fellow picking your pocket and asking for a 'character,'" said a business man the other day. "That's been my experience. I hired a young man about a month ago to solicit orders for me on commission, with \$20 a week guarantee. As he turned nothing in after a fortnight I began to suspect that he was work-ing for another firm and doing nothing to earn the \$20, so I told him that if no order materialized by the end of the week he must not expect to continue in my employ.
"I made inquiries which convinced me that

he was doing what I suspected, but got no legal he was doing what I suspected, but got no legal proof that he was taking my money on false pretences. So when the week was up I was forced to pay him a third \$20, making \$40 in all, which, I feit sure, he had done little, or nothing, to carn. Before doing so I told him of my suspicions, which was foolish, as I met only with denials which I couldn't disprove, although in answer to the questions of the cross-examination I put him through he made statements which I knew to be lies.

"In split of my accusations he seemed to think

which I knew to be lies.

"In spite of my accusations he seemed to think that my paying him the final \$20 was acknowledgment that I believed his denials, and, after receiving the money, he asked if I would give a certificate as to his ability and honesty in case he found it necessary to call upon me for one! I answered that I would at least sign nothing against him, for after paying him to no purpose money! I could ill afford I didn't want to make an enemy of him, but advised him not to put me to the test.

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FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness diddiness, Fulness after meals, Head-ache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetito, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chilis, Dis-turbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE BELIEP IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to com-plete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the sys-tem and cure sick Headache. For a Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion

Disordered Liver IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival LARGEST SALE of any Patent Hedicine in the World.

25c. at all Drug Stores.

VERY SMART CYCLE TOGS.

WOMEN'S CORRECT COSTUME FOR THE WHEEL THIS YEAR.

bremmaker, Bostmaker, Matmaker and Glovemaker Have Combined to flet Her on Her Hicycle a Creature to He Admired of All Mankind-All Purses Suited, as Well.

Torgery for wheelwomen was never so smart as it is this spring. There is no reason why every bicycle girl, young or old, stout or slim ugly or pretty, rich or poor, should not look well dressed awheel. When the bicycle fever first took hold of women in violent form nearly every dressmaker and tailor in the country designed "a perfect blcycle suit." The result was that the market was flooded with freakish garments and the highways crowded with reakish-looking pedal pushers wearing them, Wheelwomen didn't plunge into bloomers at moe. First of all they tried this, that, or the other kind of cycle skirt. Some skirts were divided down the back only, some all the way through, and others had a net work of harness underneath that would put the wires in a telphone exchange to shame. None was satisfactory. Then the bravest of the merry bikers tried bloomers and some skin-tight knickerbockers. Bloomers had a short exist

The wheelwomen patted themselves on the back and said it was their superior modesty and sense of propriety that sounded the death knell of the bloomer costume. As a matter of fact, American dressmakers never did get the knack of constructing bloomers that were good to look upon when on the human form, and that's what killed them. Mankind objected o the knee breeches, and so women took them off. For a time wheelwomen's costumes went from bad to worse, and then they began to grow more natty looking. The American wo man can always count on her common sense coming to her rescue. To-day it is common sense that is making hats, gloves, shoes, and dresses for cycling up to the limit when it comes to style. The best approved skirt is round and gored

not over full and fits the saddle gracefully and

omfortably. All suits are made of material heavy enough to resist moderately high head winds, which is all that is necessary, as the average woman does not ride in windy weather. Most skirts are faced up six or eight inches or the inside, or have a band of the same material set on the outside, and are finished with row upon row of stitching, which gives the skirt a endency to stay down. A skirt made in this fashion never hangs in points. It simply can-not get out of shape, and that is what alls half the ill-hanging skirts one sees on bicycle riders the ill-hanging skirts one sees on bleyele riders.

A very swell suit has a skirt made after the manner described, and a fetching double breasted Eton coat trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons. By the way, the war talk has created a demand for gold braid and brass buttons on bleyele suits as well as elsewhere. Covert cloths, tweeds, mixed goods, and plain cioths are the most desirable materials for wheeling costumes. Golf suits have heretofore had a dash of color about them which has been prohibited in evening costumes, but many had a dash of color about them which has been prohibited in cycling costumes, but many women who play golf also ride, and so this apring finds gayor cestumes on the road as well as on the links than ever before. A very striking suit, and one particularly becoming to a trim dark woman, is made of a rich tan and brown mixture. The coat is a short, round cut away which opens over a single-breasted low-cut vest of scarlet cloth. The vest is finished with pockets enough to satisfy the most exacting small boy and fastens with a row of small brass buttons. Another is made of brown cloth, with a four-button cutaway having scarlet collar and cuffs. This is designed to be worn, with silk or cotton shirt waists. Checked tweed makes up very stylishly and wears like castfron, so enthusiasts say. One particularly becoming to slight figures is made with a double-breasted blouse. The waist has a yoke simulating pocket laps and is tailor finished. Double-faced cloth makes most satisfactory suits and is used almost exclusively for separate cycling skirts. Blue-gray is the most fashionable shade, and, strange to say, it neither wrinkles nor shows dust. The under side is finely checked in blue and white, and instead of being hemmed on the inside the skirts are hemmed up on the outside. The resulting band of checks gives a jaunty finish.

Many women are able to go to a tailor and pay \$100 or more for a bicycle suit. The vast majority are not, however, for it is a well-recognized fact that the bicycle is the poor woman's steel steed as well as the poor man's. There is no necessity of going to a tailor og a a stylish, well-cut, well-made, well-fitting suit, for one can be obtained at any of the first-class stores. In the very best stores cycling costumes can be had for from \$10.50 up to \$50. Monatter how cosily a suit is, it is bound to show the wear and tear of city or country riding in a comparatively short time. So it is really better economy to pay less for a suit and get a new one offener. rohibited in cycling costumes, but man women who play golf also ride, and so thi

economy to pay less for a suit and get a new one oftener.

The problem of finding a proper and comfertable cycling skirt and at the same time one good to look at has cost both novice and expert no end of thought. But it has been an easy one for the bicycle girl to solve beside the one involving the dressing of her teet and legs. If the Creator of womankind had adopted a universal plan in constructing women's legs the problem would have been solved when the first woman mounted a wheel. There would have been nothing to consider but comfort. have been nothing to consider but comfort. But alack and alas! Legs are of many sorts, shapes, and sizes, and what makes for the beau-ty of one mars another. Long ago leggins were cried down as slovenly and golf stockings as uncomfortably warm and destructive of sym-

metry. Great complaints have been, made of high boots, too. Some say that if they are laced light enough to give the ankle and calf a trim appearance they interfere with an easy ankle motion and stop circulation; some claim that they are alone they interfere with an easy ankle motion and stop circulation; some claim that they are so hot in summer that riding is anything but a pleasure, and others, declare that the conty comfortable footgener for the pedal pusher is a this stockine and low shoes. This manner of dressing the foot and leg is impossible to a very stout rider, however. What if the high boot does accentuate the lines and curves, it also holds the flesh firmly in place and keeps it from jouncing up and down as a thin lisic thread or silk stocking couldn't possibly do.

When women first took to wheeling the instructors in the academies advised them to ride. Experience has taught them at the instructors didn't know what they were talking about. A thick sold boot is absolutely unnecessary in cycling; more than that, it is uncomfortable. No work whatever is done with the foot. It merely rests on the pedal and the ankle does the rest. A light shoe is always more comfortable when one has no walking to do. Fashionable bootmakers say that only two classes of riders are buying high boots now, the very stout and the very angular, and such customers want their boots made of the taley high heels, which give a pretty look to the foot and brace the arch firmly. Riders with legs of councy shape have adonted the low shoe of black patent leather or kid or of tan, and wear it with plain sik or lies stockings of good quality.

It is said that heat affects the wheelwoman's extremities, her head and her feet, more than any other part of hor body. Already the lightest, coolest-looking has, designed especially for this sport, are on the traffect, The forms of good quality.

It is said that head affects the wheelwoman's extremities, her head and her feet, more than one of the proper such as a star of the cook in the proper s

RICORD'S SUCCESSOR.

Curting, Pate or Confinement. There can be no doubt but that the mantle



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WOMAN BOWLER 77 YEARS OLD. Irs. Felten Finds Fun and Health in Knock

Tall and erect, with gray hairs only to indicate her age, Mrs. Felten attracts no more than the usual attention when playing in the New York Women's Bowling League tournament. Any one not familiar with the fact would never selieve that she is 77 years of age, for she handles the spheres, either large or small, as skilfully as many women forty years younger. With few exceptions the women participating in the competition can be found at the Retail Gropers' Hall alleys in East Fifty-seventh street only on the afternoon when it is their turn to play Mrs. Felten is one of the few who rarely misse a day. She comes early and stays until the last ball has been rolled. Mrs. Felten tries to get as near the chalk line as she can and her eyes airly beam with joy when any player happens to bring down the ten pins.

It was late in life when Mrs. Felten first started to play. She had passed her 69th year when she rolled the first ball, and she enjoyed the sport so much that she has continued bowl ing ever since, with the exception of one year. Mrs. Felten does not roll a fast ball, but she puts on speed enough to clear the alley of the en pins should the ball happen to strike in the right spot. She points with pride to the success he attained in the first women's tournament, held at Central Opera House alleys, where sh

won one of the prizes.

While visiting in Staten Island a few years While visiting in Staten Island a few years ago Mrs. Felten scored 183 in an American game on a strange alley and on anothe; occasion she brought down 105 pins out of a possible 120 in a tenpin headpin game.

She has been a member of various bowling clubs, but this season she plays with the Waitweren Ladies' Bowling Club, which meets at Pritz's alleys, Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A, on Wednesday afternoons. The organization has fourteen members, all jolly, as bowlers generally are, and Mrs. Felten seems to be the joiliest, 1

THE SUN reporter just entered the alley on last Wednesday afternoon as Mrs. Felten brought down a corner pin and scored nine in a battle game. She quickly grabbed one of the members and waltzed around the alley in her members and waltzed around the alley in her delight at improving the score of her team.
"I enjoy playing the battle game in preference to all others because there is so much fun to be had," said Mrs. Felten. "I find much pleasure in bowling and am certain it has kept me alive, for the exercise has been beneficial to me. I bowl whenever I wet the chance, and even play now and then in the warm summer months."

TAKING THE TOP FROM A TUNNEL An Engineering Feat That Will Make the Deepest Railroad Cut in the Country.

From the Pittsburg Disputch. Within ten miles of Pittsburg work has this week begun on what will be the deepest railway out in western Pennsylvania, which perhaps means the country. One hundred workmen are now at work at Glenn station, above Woodville, on the Chartiers branch of the Panhandle Railroad, tearing off the top of the mountain which has for about a third of a century covered the

tunnel at that place, the intention being to make the single-track tunnel into a double-track cus. The Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad has for some time considered the necessity of double tracking the Chartiers Valley branch as far as Bridgeville, five miles from the junction. It is the first time in western Pennsylvania history where the business of branch road has equalled, if not eclipsed, the business of the main line. Work on the double tracking has already begun. The best engineers in the railroad business were consulted on the work, whether it would be better to make the tunnel double width or cut down the big hill, making a cut. The cut idea won the day, and

making a cut. The cut idea won the day, and work has just begun.
What will be the width of the top of the cut when it is completed is now a matter of serious conjecture: the ground has been found to be of a soft, clayey nature, likely to silde at any moment, and it is admitted that the slope must be great. Already the workmen have encountered a five-foot ven of limestone and a small vein of coal. These alone are the only stable substances found on the hillside. It is estimated that the depth of the cut from the rails will be about 130 feet. Present computations are that it will be shout the middle of July before the work on this cut is completed. The present tunnel, through which many trains are running daily, is between 300 and 400 feet long.

which many trains are to the chartiers branch and 400 feet long.

The double tracking of the Chartiers branch a most expensive piece of 300 and 400 feet long.

The double tracking of the Chartiers branch will perhaps prove a most expensive piece of railroad work, but it has become an urgent necessity, owing not only to the opening of new coal fields in that direction, but to the increase in the population. On an average eighty trains per day pass over the road from Bower Hill to Carnegie. This crowds the line to its utmost canacity, but much greater traffic could be sent over the road had it but facilities for handling. The Panhandle branch crosses and recrosses Chartiers Creek many times from Carnegies to Bridgeville. All single track bridges must be changed and widened, as must several deep cuts.

COST OF A DOOR HANDLE. It May Be High When One Is Esthetic and Wants Something Unique.

sesthetic person who desires a unique door handle for his favorite room must pay for the privilege. Forty, fifty, even seventy-five dollars may be the cost of the first door handle made after a new pattern. The metal is worth high. First the architect draws the design and submits it to the manufacturer that is to finish the handle. He turns it over to his mo I eler, who makes an exact pattern of the handle and lock in clay or plaster. Every line that is flat in the design is raised in this pattern, and the more elaborate and intricate the decoration the more difficult his work. The pattern is then

the more difficult his-work. The pattern is then given to the man who makes the mould, or oftener several moulds joined togother, known as gates. These are usually of plaster, and the molten metal is poured into them without in anyway affecting the plaster.

When the metal is cool the handle is taken out, a thing of beauty and expense, for the architect, the pattern maker, the mould maker, and the man who pours in the metal must all be paid for their work. The first door handle only is thus costly. When the mould is once made the price of a door handle decreases according to the number made, so that the five hundredth door handle costs scarcely more than the metal put into it.

Newark Advertisements.

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